

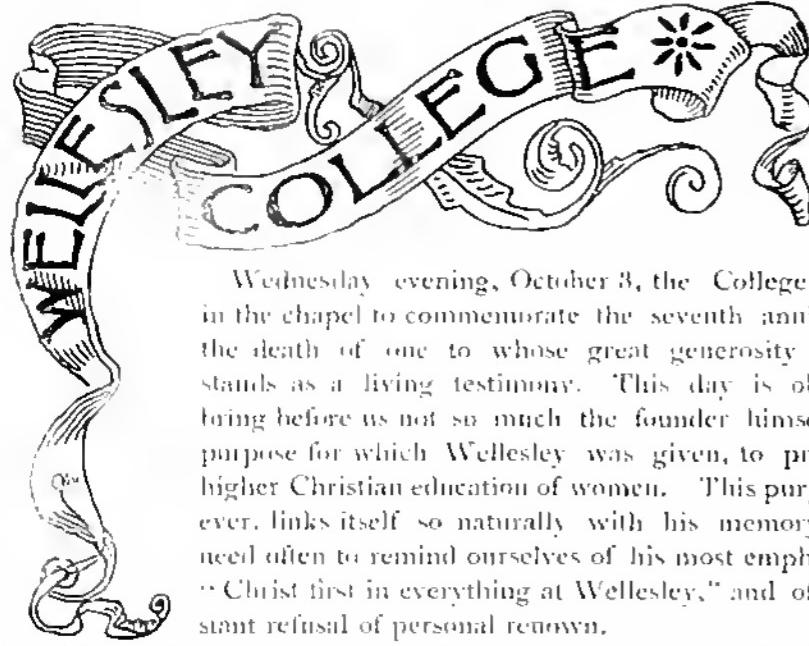
The Courant

College Edition.

Vol. I.—No. 4.

WELLESLEY, MASS., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1888.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



Wednesday evening, October 3, the College assembled in the chapel to commemorate the seventh anniversary of the death of one to whose great generosity Wellesley stands as a living testimony. This day is observed to bring before us not so much the founder himself, as the purpose for which Wellesley was given, to promote the higher Christian education of women. This purpose, however, links itself so naturally with his memory, that we need often to remind ourselves of his most emphatic wish: "Christ first in everything at Wellesley," and of his constant refusal of personal renown.

The service was opened according to the usual custom, by the singing of Mr. Durant's favorite hymn: "Holy! holy! holy!" The address was given by Dr. Garrison of the Clarendon Street Baptist Church. The speaker first touched briefly upon Mr. Durant's life and work.

Mr. Durant was a lawyer at the head of his profession when the great change in his life came. Immediately he retired from the bar, never again, save once, to enter the court-room, and devoted himself for two years to the most earnest and careful study of God's Word; for, as he afterwards said: "A convert has found a new Bible." At the end of two years of such spiritual preparation, he entered upon his evangelistic labors. Here he met with wonderful success, since to his natural gifts, so clearly manifested in his earlier life, was added steadfast Christian purpose. He not only surrendered his will, but himself to the Master, and all to whom he preached felt that he could be a sympathetic listener as well as teacher. It is only here and there we find one who is willing to reach *down* instead of *up* in worldly ambitions. Bless God that the founder of Wellesley was an Evangelist, who had Christ first in his thoughts; who felt, too, that treasures laid up in heaven are more precious than earthly goods. Words but imperfectly sketch his life or deeds, but look to Wellesley and thank him in the midst of her earnest, busy life. Pray God to help you all to be found following Christ, in the footsteps of all others who have counted it their highest joy to bear His cross.

A half-hour prayer-meeting, preparatory to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, was held in the College Chapel at 10 o'clock Sunday morning. The preacher of the day was Dr. E. B. Webb of Wellesley, who spoke from the text: "The Master is come and calleth for thee," prefacing the personal application by a graphic description of Bethany. The Communion Service followed, the first of the College year.

The Wellesley students in large numbers availed themselves, last Sunday evening, of the opportunity of hearing Dr. Phillips Brooks again. His discourse was upon the need and value of Foreign Missions, and our words can poorly reproduce the warm and noble plea he made in their behalf. He spoke of the absolute necessity of Foreign Missions, since our Christian religion from its very character cannot be kept hidden within the dark recesses of our own hearts, as the heathen cherish their idols, enshrined in secret places of their homes; but it *must*, as it has, spread abroad to every civilized nation. Our lives, when consecrated to Christ, are necessarily consecrated to our fellowmen, and when we have become thoroughly one with Christ, Christ seeks through us the souls of others. We are not left alone to work in this great field of Foreign Missions, for God has already begun in every land His work. The great Apostle Paul found in Athens the God whom the Athenians worshipped but whom he was to declare unto them, and so to-day the missionaries find these heathen countries lands of error but of truth. The people whom the missionary teaches are so ignorant that his doctrine he comes one of love and faith, beautiful in its simplicity, and not hampered by the various differences in creeds and sects. If Christianity had remained peculiar to one nation, as has been the case with the religions of other nations, it would have become as imperfect as those; but in its very expanding it has gained in each country new beauty and, as this expanse continues, it ever develops into more perfection until in the end it shall be far the richer and fuller in its totality. So earnest and eager in the working for Christ does the missionary become, that his happiness is not rated by the number of souls converted, but in his work he glories.

"Strive, and having striven,
Take, for God's recompense, that righteousness."

The name of Foreign Missions is like the withered Chinese leaf, dry in its outward aspect; but give it of the water of love freely, and it will unfold itself into a beautiful dower. Can we then as Christians say we feel no interest in Foreign Missions; that we do not care for the Saviour's satisfaction, and the saving of the Father's children in the Father's house? Live deeper Christian lives yourselves, and live more for others in Foreign Missions, and your own lives will be happier, fuller and richer.

'90'S SOCIAL.

The rain last Saturday evening failed to dampen the political ardor of '90, as the "General Rally" held in the Gymnasium will testify.

The Gymnasium presented an appearance festive with its flags and banners, but bewildering to one whose political opinions were not clearly defined, for here, side by side, were numerous placards, each making some enticing promise of calling attention to some startling fact and demanding your vote for its own candidate. No wonder our little dude helplessly asked: "For whom shall I cast my birth vote?" In the rear of the hall were booths with refreshments for the politicians, including cool drinks graduated in strength to suit the convictions of the various parties. We noticed, however, that the superior quality of pop-corn on the Prohibition table proved too strong an attraction to Republicans and Democrats, and the Prohibitionist could not resist the lemonade on the other tables, while the Woman Suffragist claimed a brotherly share from all three. None

could give ignorance as an excuse, for the Republican stand boldly displayed such signs as these:

HARRISON & TYLER.

1840.

HARRISON & MORTON.

1888.

PENSIONS NOT VETOES FOR OUR BOYS IN BLUE.

PROTECTION FOR OUR AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

NO FREE TRADE.

While the Democratic booth was decked with a portrait of "The Head of the Nation," and invited the Irish Voters to stop there, assuring them that

CLEVELAND REPRESENTS THE PEOPLE.

HARRISON THE LAND GRABBERS AND MONOPOLISTS.

UNNECESSARY TAXATION IS UNJUST TAXATION.

The Prohibitionists valiantly declared for

"PROHIBITION OR DEATH."

And urged the voter to

"TAKE THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW ROAD TO PROHIBITION."

One of the chief features of the evening was the grand torch-(in this case a negative term) light procession. This formed at eight o'clock and proceeded through the main corridors of the building, halting about Diana to send the familiar words of "Our Country" ringing to the roof. The scene here was most exciting. The upper balconies were crowded with those who had hastily dropped note-books and mending-baskets to greet us with hearty cheers of applause.

On returning to the gymnasium we forgot our party distinctions for a while, and as a united class of '90 listened with unprecedented pleasure to our historians.

Miss Kent Darby in the familiar phrases of an ancient chronicle recalled for us the sojourn of the "Children of '90" in the land of Wellesley up to the nineteenth day of the twelfth month in the second year. Here Miss Mary Orton took up the story and, in strains which called to our minds Longfellow's song of Acadie, continued it until

"...to spread abroad by the rocks and the *aves* and the mountains,

Waiting the breath of Autumn to call them *to their labors.*"

The rest of the evening was occupied by political speeches and dancing. For as soon as the music began, party feeling was again thrown to the winds and Democrat from the South and Republican from the North went tripping over the floor, as if they had never heard of Free Trade or Protection, while Prohibitionist and Woman Suffragist evidently discovered that they had corresponding planks in their platforms and proceeded to waltz over them with a will.

Dr. Speakman on Food.

Dr. Speakman's hygiene lecture this week had for its subject Digestion.

The Doctor enumerated the various causes of indigestion; the way to secure good digestion, and thereby to obtain good health. Rapid eating, the drinking of much liquid at meals, eating between meals, and irregularity at meals—all these are causes of indigestion.

Doctors consider that three-fourths of all colds are caused by indigestion, and *colds* cause nine-tenths of all diseases.

Digestion begins not in the stomach, as so many suppose, but in the kitchen—in the careful preparation of food and in the palatable way in which it is served. Another important aid to digestion is the conversation at the table. This should always be pleasant and agreeable; all fault finding should be left outside the dining-room door.

Born.

June 16th, Yarmouth, Me., Louise Haskell, daughter of Mrs. Willa Haskell Higgins, A. B., Wellesley, '89.

Married.

ALLEN-BALLARD—At the residence of the bride's parents, Davenport, Iowa, June 26, Katherine Augusta Ballard, student at Wellesley '81-'84, to Leon Menard Allen.

MARSHALL-KIRKPATRICK—At Salt Lake City, Utah, Oct. 1st, Jessie Kirkpatrick, B. S., Wellesley '86, to John Augustus Marshall.

Clara French, instructor in English literature at Wellesley College, entered into life in the unseen, Saturday evening, October 6, 1888.

Her friends met together on Monday afternoon, at Trinity church, Boston, to render thanks for the great benefits received at His hands in that he gave us here the knowledge of a blessed life and called her thus early to the perfection of peace in the harmony of the Celestial service. Many Wellesley ladies testified to the sympathy with her life and work that came to her from those who were to have been her fellow workers here.

Miss Middlekauff played and Miss Roberts led the singing of two hymns, "O God, our Help in Ages Past," and "Lead, Kindly Light." "Rejoice and be glad with her, all ye that love her; rejoice for joy with her, all ye that mourn for her."

A study of Miss French's character and the secrets of her life-force will be given in the next number of the COURANT.

Lectures on Mediæval Literature.

BY PROFESSOR SEE.

Last June, before the beginning of the summer vacation, it was decided by the Academic Council that during the present college year eighteen lectures should be given for the benefit of the whole college on the subject of Mediæval Poetry in Continental Europe. These lectures will be open to every member of the college, and to those students who attend the whole series of thirty-six lectures in two years it will be counted as one full course towards a degree. Of these thirty-six lectures, ten will be allotted to the Romance Languages, that is, French, Provencal, Italian and Spanish. The first of those ten lectures will be given in the Chapel by Prof. Rosalie See, on Saturday, Oct. 13th, at 4 o'clock, and the others will follow regularly, being given every other Saturday.

The importance of this new departure in the College need hardly be pointed out. Thus far it has been impossible for students in the College who had not made special study of one foreign language to become in any way thoroughly acquainted with the literature of that language, and still we all know that although an acquaintance with the original texts is the only way to become thoroughly master of a literature, a great deal, nevertheless, may be gained by the reading of good translations, correct accounts and thoughtful criticisms. How wide-spread to-day is the influence of Russian literature, for instance, and how few people outside of Russia are even in the slightest degree acquainted with the Russian language. Thus, why should people who have been unable to give much time to study of French, Italian or Spanish, be deprived of the remarkable enlargement of literary sympathies which cannot fail to be the result of an acquaintance with *la Chanson de Roland*, *Divina Commedia*, *le Roman de la Rose*?

Provencal is hardly studied except by those who are specially interested in Romance philology; is that a reason why cultured people should be deprived of the enjoyment of the pure spring of true poetry which flowered among the Troubadours of Southern France?

A more interesting study than that of the Medieval literature of the Romance nations can hardly be found. So different are the Medieval centuries from our own that at first sight it seems to us as though the human soul must have been entirely stifled under the terrible weight of feudalism. But when we look into the literature of those centuries, the expression of their intellectual and moral life, we soon find an inspiration of true, enthusiastic, though in part distorted Christianity, which, pervading every act of the daily life of our ancestors, put poetry everywhere and, with poetry, associated pity for and sympathy with all forms of human suffering. In that period where wrong and injustice seemed to have reigned supreme, literature reveals to us that the strongest of all feelings was an unconquerable trust and the ultimate triumph of the literature of the Middle-Ages in France especially is bewilderingly many-sided. What can be more graceful than the poetry of the Troubadours! On the other hand, who can be more truthful than the Trouveres whose, intellectual weapons were hardly less ponderous than the heavy armour of the feudal fighters whose great deeds they record in the *Chansons de Geste*? Some of the *Prophéties* are worth itself, what skepticism in human matters can compare with the *Roman de Renart* and the second part of the *Roman de la Rose*?

Prof. Rosalie See will give three of the lectures in the course, taking for her subject merely the literature of the Troubadours which was first in the field. Her subjects will be as follows:

First lecture, The birth and growth of neo-latin languages in northern and southern France and the lyric poetry of the Troubadours.

2d. The Romance of Flamenca and other romances.

3d. The Song of the Crusade against the Albigenses.

Prof. See will be followed by Prof. Colin of Harvard University, who will give five lectures, the program being as follows:

1st. The birth of Epic Poetry in France: *la Chanson de Roland*.

2d. Feudal Chanson de Geste: Homer and Virgil in the Middle Ages.

3d. Romances of the Round Table.

4th. Satirical and Allegorical Poetry the *Roman de la Rose* and the *Roman de Renart*.

5th. Tragedy and Comedy in the Middle Ages: Mysteries, Miracle Plays, Farces.

The course will be completed by a few lectures on Italian and Spanish poetry. Dante will be the subject for the former and the Legend of the Cid for the latter. The lectures on these subjects will be announced before long.

OUR OUTLOOK.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR HAYES.

"There's a voice on every wave,
A sound on every sea,
The watchword of the brave,
The anthem of the free."

It is perhaps as common as it is pleasing to believe that the ways of our time are not only the best but the last, and to fancy that we have reached final forms of government, final methods in education, final social customs, a final theology. The *nth* term, being ours and the last that we know, seems to close the series of human experiences and experiments. But History affirms that the series is infinite and emphasizes the fact of the workings of force by which the old order changes for the new. In no respect is this restless change more marked than in the race history of women; and at this present time the rate of change is perhaps greater than ever before. Every day brings some re-adjustment of woman's position educationally, industrially, as a citizen, and as a subject of law. Whatever views one may hold respecting these re-adjustments, the fact of these must be admitted, and it is obviously the part of every well-informed woman to know the trend of public opinion and action. Over and above this, it is her part to lend a hand in every movement that she believes to tend toward Truth and Right. The voices from the prisoners of poverty, the prisoners of ignorance, the prisoners of time-sanctioned and law-endorsed wrongs are too urgent to be disregarded. This is not the hour for the fortunate woman to rest content in her own happiness; it is the hour for mutual service, for inspiring hope, for the brave effort that, helping a few, helps the world and, helping women, helps the race. It is proposed in this outlook column to glean from week to week a few of the facts that are going to form a part of the Descriptive Sociology of our own times and to repeat some of the words of those who walk before us as leaders. Items will chiefly be given which concern women in some one of the aspects mentioned: the educational, industrial, political and legal. For the rest it is enough to remind readers that an *outlook* is naturally forward and up. We have to note the signs of coming epochs rather than the features of those that are departed.

Twenty-five thousand one hundred and forty-nine women have been assessed in Boston to vote for school committee. One Boston paper referring to the great registration says, "the municipal election next December will be the beginning of the end of the long struggle for the enfranchisement of women."

Continued on last page.

CLASS ELECTIONS.

BY MARION HOYT, CLASS OF '89.

As the October days draw near, there may be heard whispered questions in the library: questious, alas, too audible in the corridors; questions diplomatically put at the buzzing lunch tables; and all to this effect: "Whom do you want for President?" "Don't you think Miss—best for Vice President?" And these questions do not especially rouse us, so natural do they sound, so chilled have our ears become to the real significance of such words.

But in all earnestness let us consider this question of class-elections. Just what should be our attitude toward them? Just how great is our responsibility in regard to them? Just how much influence do they have over us? And as a basis for a reply to any of these questions, we must first answer another. What is implied in the term "class elections?" It implies the selection by each individual, whose signature appears after the constitution, of such persons as she honestly—shall I not say prayerfully?—believes will best represent her class in the various offices; will best fit it to the position she would have to occupy; will best honor the College, which she expects to call in a few years her *Alma Mater*.

What, then, should be our attitude toward these elections? Surely not that of thoughtlessness and carelessness, but rather the earnest and honest attitude which we as College women are expected, nay more, pledge ourselves to take in regard to all action. Are we in danger of forgetting for a moment the old maxim: "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well"? Indeed we can not afford to stand aside and say with the many: "There is no use in my considering the question of who our officers shall be; certain ones will have things their own way, whatever my choice." Nor on the other hand, can we afford to come forward with the few and say: "Well, those girls will not take any interest in the matter and some one must push things. We might as well have our candidate for President elected with as large a majority as possible, for after the election she will have to depend on us for whatever is to be done. There are only a few of us she can call on." To the first band let me whisper: Should the probable result interfere with duty? Is not your decision as valuable as another's? Is not your vote as decisive as another's? And again, what have you ever done to let the others know you had an interest in class affairs? To the second group I would say: Are you sure there is no selfishness in your activity? Are you sure that your zeal is prompted solely by a sense of duty? Have you ever indicated your desire, your willingness even, that those whom you say have no interest shall become co-laborers with you? Have you ever given them an opportunity to show what they could do?

And now, what is our responsibility in regard to class elections? I have touched slightly on this point in considering the previous question. But when the subject of responsibility is brought forward in any of its phases, it is easier to write a chapter than a sentence.

First let us re-read one sentence which occurs, with slightly varied phraseology, in the constitution of each class in college. The section in regard to the duties of the members is as follows: "The duties of each member shall be to attend all business meetings and vote on all questions coming before the society." Have we signed our names to that constitution and still do we say: "We cannot take the time"? Yet we knew when we pledged ourselves that it would take time, and now if we have not time let us make it. We can make time for pleasure, why not for business?

Again, we stay away from the meeting and some election takes place which does not meet with our approval. Does it occur to us that perhaps we are responsible for it? Does it occur to us that a share of responsibility is laid at the door of each one of us, and that no excuses we may offer and no action on the part of another can roll it away? Do we remember that we owe it to ourselves, to our class, to our college and to the world in which we live—for if we do not learn to take responsibility here, how can we be fitted for it in the days to come?—that we as individuals fulfill our parts as members of a great whole? And slowly and reluctantly we confess that oft-times we forget.

But what influence can class elections have on us, do you say? Look at the different classes now in college; look back to other classes and note the differences in character from year to year. If we look carefully we shall not fail to see. The girl who is chosen for president has very largely in her hands the determining of the position which the class must take that year; and to a certain extent the position which the class takes determines the position which the individual members take. It is only another case of what since our Freshman days has appealed to us more strongly than ever before: "The body is one and hath many members," and "Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." And the place which our class took in college and the influence which it had, will be memories abiding with us for many a day after we have gone forth, each to her life work.

But elections exert a further influence upon us, for on account of them we learn to consider character, to be on the watch for evidences of strong principle and broad view, to seek to know a girl for what she really is; and the practical value of an ability to recognize real worth, to know character somewhat accurately, no one of us can question.

Let us then go to our coming elections in a different spirit than hitherto; let us go with a desire each to do her part, with a determination to be honest with ourselves and with others: to know what we believe is right and then stand by our decision until, perchance, we find our "right" is overruled, and then ah! hardest and best of lessons to learn: let us seek to adjust ourselves to other's views and strive to counterbalance whatever may to us seem wrong. And let us put in as our class officers girls of strong conviction, earnest purpose, broad culture, and above all girls who have a keen sense of their responsibility to themselves, their classes, and their college.

MORNING AND EVENING.

BY KENT ROLLA DUNLAP, CLASS OF '90.

I. MORNING.

A shiver of light
In an ocean of gray;
A quiver of star-beams
And, fading away,
A hush and a murmur,
A far-away song:
The rush of a sombeam
Imprisoned too long;
A fire on the hill-tops,
An outburst of light;
The sun-king in triumph
Holds captive the night.

II. EVENING.

A long-fingered shadow
That points to the east,
Where the dawn cometh
When darkness hath ceased;
A humming of insects;
A whirring of wings
Of birds homeward turning
From far journeys;
Ranks of cloud legions

Mustered for fight
To open the gateways
Before the pale night;
The crimson and purple
Of banners unfurled;
The glint of gold armor
And flash of spears hurled;
The gates are thrown open,
The legions are gone,
And with her sun-unidens,
The night cometh on.

A VOYAGE THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.

BY ANNIE SCOVILLE, STUDENT AT WELLESLEY '85-'87.

April 18th, the very last day of "the season" for the Ocklawaha boats, sees us setting sail in a most unromantic tub for a most romantic voyage.

There were nine of us, that is, nine *tourists*. We didn't count the young man with a superabundance of freight ticketed to a lonely house in the woods, nor the round-faced Dutchman who dropped off at a wharf in the middle of a swamp; no, indeed! "The Tourists" are a distinct order by themselves and never amalgamate with anyone traveling for a purpose; but they unite with one another as quickly as drops of quicksilver, so though we had never met before, by night we were well acquainted.

It is twenty-five miles from our starting point, Palatka, to the mouth of the Ocklawaha River;—twenty-five miles of broad, peaceful waters and low, wooded banks. Of this part of the trip I will only say that, unlike the wise men of Gotham:—

"If our tub had been stronger!
Our trip had been shorter."

As it was, we reached the Ocklawaha just at sunset. At no other time of day would the contrast between the rivers have been so marked. The St. John's lay like a great lake, wide and tranquil, reflecting the soft sunset tints, when turning from it our boat entered an opening in the woods—and lo,—the whole world was changed.

We were at last afloat on the wild little Indian river, Ocklawaha. There is no rush and roar to this stream, as in our mountain torrents of the North. It is, instead, narrow, deep, silent, irresistible and dark, the personification of a barbaric, passionate nature. Over our heads close the arms of the primeval forests, while the huge trunks stand ankle deep in black, slimy swamp filled with tufts of vegetation and tangle of vines.

The dark, narrow river winds on and on, through a wilderness as desolate as if this were still a virgin continent, in fact more deserted than it was at the time of its discovery, for then the Indian loved this lonely stillness, but now he is gone and there is no one to take his place.

The darkies lighted the great fat-wood flare on top of the pilot-house and we seated ourselves just below it on the upper deck and watched with wonder the mysterious depths that the light revealed.

It was a weird night. We saw the secret of the wilderness, but could not read it. As our little boat puffed along, the black depths would part, the great white cypress trunks step forth, stretching out gaunt arms over us, the foliage and flowers burst out for an instant by the passing light; there were showed depths of darkness into the forest that made us shiver and then all sank once more into blackness.

Each turn (and I suppose there is no river more crooked, unless it is the Charles) seemed the entrance to another world. We had all the excitement of exploring a new country and none of the hardships. There was not a sign of human life, save our own queer little craft; not a sound would break the stillness save the cry of a water turkey or the protest of the cranes waked from their nap by our passing light, till from below would come the gurgling laugh of a negro "boy," rousing us with a start from our dreams.

So for fifteen miles we sat and saw wild visions—fifteen miles without the sign of a human being, and then about ten o'clock we turned in toward the shore, where stood a lonely freight house and a slight, sweet-voiced laddie, eager for news and mail, and looking, as he stood in the flickering fat-wood light, with the shadow of his sombrero on his face, more vision-like than our dreams themselves.

Late as it was, we would not go to bed, but sat close by the water on the freight deck amused by the darkies' stories of "gators" and snakes. Some of us asked if none of these ever got on board, as the boat brushed through the bushes.

"Oh, yes," answered a darky promptly, "dey do. About here on las' trip us boys was sittin' here tellin' stories when we struck a branch, like dat one dar an' dar was a big moccasin lyin' long it an he drop down here among us ker-plump! I tell you, miss, we boys got up right smart."

Some way my seat did not seem so attractive after that nor the low-hanging branches so picturesque. I was not certain whether my entertainer meant to frighten me off, but after sitting long enough to show that I wasn't "scared," I started for bed. I flung myself on the berth without undressing, and through our little square window watched the night go by, until I fell asleep.

About two o'clock in the morning I was wakened by shouting outside and found we were taking on wood. I could see the whole picture from my bed. A little wharf piled high with four-foot logs, around which the forest closed, as dark as night, the only light the reddish smoky blaze of fat pine knots stuck up as torches, while the "boys," shouting, gurgling, singing, pitched the logs from one to another until they were safe on the boat. Then we went pulling on through the wilderness and I took another nap.

At four o'clock we were up and out watching for the "Cypress Gates." It was as bright and fair in the leafy freshness of morning as it had been weird in the night. At last the "Gates" came in sight. Two gigantic cypresses rise opposite each other and so narrow is the river that the trees have been gauged out on the stream side, so that the steamers can just squeeze through.

After breakfast—a jolly, social meal, with Captain G. at the head of the table,—we lounged, counted "gators" and exclaimed at the sight of huge moccasins sunning themselves on the logs. We watched the darkies, too, as they fished from the deck, and we rejoiced over one small pickerel as if it had been a whale; or we climbed up to the pilot house and talked with the pilots, a pastime both instructive and amusing; or when we needed exercise, we tried standing on the upper deck (just the roof of the cabin, without a railing) and catching at magnolia blossoms and air plants, seeing how near we could come to making a meal for the "gators."

At noon our engine broke, whereupon we tied up to a tree and waited until it was repaired. We improved the time by getting on shore, or rather off the boat on what shore there was, and hopping from one clump of vegetation to another, so that we could say we had been on foot in the hummock, thinking meanwhile of the moccasin which the "boy" who jumped off first to tie the boat had killed.

Oh, I forgot to say that the name of our stopping place was "Hell's Half Acre," but we did not meet the owner.

The names are thick all along the river, one for about every two miles of the hundred and thirty-five, such as "Double S. S.", "Fomey's Hole," "Jam Log," etc., but all that is to be seen are woods and waters.

Sometimes there is a "landing"—a little freight-house by the water with a narrow board walk elevated on stakes leading up through the swamp to higher ground, where may be a cabin or a plantation. So at least for the first hundred miles, but then toward evening we suddenly came out into a clearing, high land and a town! The contrast was

not so great as in the North, for the town was nothing but a big white store or tavern, a team of mules, some little darkies and a longer or two, yet this was Grahamville and we felt as astonished as if we had sailed through the North West Passage and found Boston at the other end!

Not far from here we turned from the Ocklawaha River into the Silver Spring Run and came out from the forest, just as day was closing, to see the sun set over an illimitable expanse of marsh. Looking from the boat we could see through sixty feet of water the grains of sand as plainly as if they were not six inches away. The strangely clear stream seems almost to have the power of magnifying the objects thrown into it and it is hard to believe that its waters are from thirty to eighty feet in depth.

So we sailed on through the waving grasses with the red sun before us and the crystal waters beneath, and the night fell and the stars came out, and then ahead of us we saw twinkling lights and stopped at our destination, Silver Spring Landing.

On account of the unfortunate accident to our boilers we were twelve hours late and could not see anything of the Springs, but I did not regret it. Doubtless they are lovely, but I would rather have my day and night in the wilderness than be paddled about by a guide over any wonderful Spring whatever. So after saying good-bye to some of our friends and welcoming others, we swung out into the stream again, left the lights of the town behind us and turned our faces toward the St. John's.

When once more we were on the Ocklawaha how we whirled along! The river, that had seemed so still and quiet coming up, now showed us its power. So narrow is the stream and so sharp the turns that we were continually running aground, and a man with a long pole was kept in the bow of the boat to push us off. Once the boat succeeded in getting aground at both ends, the how on one bank, the stern on the other, and a lively time they had of it working us clear.

After we were under way the darkies gathered at the bow of the boat and sang the songs of their race. It was something wholly new in concert. Rushing on through the night, the singers' dusky faces, against a background of dark water and forest, lighted by the flickering torch lights, we listened to the sad, old songs. Up through the gloom there came to us the strains of slavery in:

"Way down upon de Swannee river,"
and what was even more pathetic—the home-sick song of freedom
"Don't ye hear ole Massa callin'?
I see sad tears a fallin'
Oh, my heart turns back to Dixie
And I must go.
Goin' back to Dixie,
Goin' back to Dixie,
Goin' where the orange blossoms grow."

We went to bed early that night; perhaps the fact that we had secured hardly four hours of sleep the night before accounted for this. Listening to the bushes brushing in at my cabin window, I was reminded of the moccasins who love them, and as I did not think there was room for both moccasins and myself in my stateroom, I closed the shutter—thereby sleeping the better, but enjoying the night the less.

Sunrise on the Ocklawaha once more, and breakfast and counting "gators." We had taken on at Silver Springs the previous night a gentleman very enthusiastic over "gators" and for the first time we learned the way to run up a big score. He counted every half sunken log, every ripple where there had been a "gator" and every splash where there hadn't, and thus succeeded in seeing some twenty or more that very morning, while the rest of us, poor, blind creatures, had counted but a dozen in the two days.

The middle of the forenoon saw us emerging from the leafy cover of our Indian channel into the broad sunlight of the St. John's. Across the river at Welaka two of us landed, said good-bye to our companions, who waved farewell as we drove off in a lumber wagon through pine woods and orange groves to see all that man has done to tame and train and check the wild free heart of nature, our two days in the wilderness abiding with us only as dream of the night.

AN ENGLISH INN.

By J. A. E.

The large hotels of great cities are much alike the civilized world over. Between the Hotel Metropole in London and the Murray Hill Hotel in New York there would appear to be little difference, save, perhaps, in the fact that the waiters at the London *table d'hôte* quarrel in the French language, while their New York brethren conduct their difficulties in the vernacular.

But the country inn of England is like nothing on this side the sea. Our earliest experience of it was at Bowness in the Lake District.

It was an afternoon of late June and we had come up Windermere on the small, brisk steamer that plies in and out among the hills. A little shower, following the fashion of the country, had floated down to meet us, and we had been wafted along in a veil of mist, between the wooded shores to the Bowness landing. From the wharf to the Crown Inn is a climb such as a London cab-horse would on no account attempt, but the walk of a quarter of a mile is like a shaded garden path, with boughs of birch and plane-tree overhead, and with blossoming shrubs brushing your garments at every step.

You approach the old stone house, many-gabled and gray, which crowns the height, and as you ne'er u the ivy-draped verandahs you become conscious of a misgiving. Not an inn but a home, this would seem to be. Is it possible that you have mistaken the direction given you by the Scotchman at the foot of the hill? And your misgiving increases as you enter at the open door. Not this the empty room and bare of plenishing which you recall as the entrance to a New England country hotel. Old rugs are on the polished floors, old engravings on the walls. A cupboard shining with quaint bits of china smiles down upon you from the angle of the stairway, and flowers—the flowers are everywhere. The rhododendrons, purple with bloom, crowd up to the door outside. Within are the great bunches of scarlet geranium, jars of pink and white pelargonium, carnations in the corners, cut flowers in little rough cases; on all sides are seen these growing things with the air of being loved and cared for.

A quiet woman in a black dress, with smooth hair and a gentle voice, comes to meet you. Down shadowy corridors you see the maids flitting to and fro in black dresses—it being the after part of the day—with wide linen collars and large starched white aprons. The next morning the same flitting figures are in light cambrics with half-trains which rustle with cleanliness as the waiters trip up and down stairs.

There is dinner in the coffee-room at half-past seven. More engravings on the walls, more blooming plants in a line down the long table, a small vase at each plate. There is the corps of men-servants in the inevitable dress-suit worn by every table-waiter at every inn, large or small, in the United Kingdom. The head waiter, here and everywhere, looks like a clergyman—a portly figure of an aspect so majestic that one is a trifle appalled at the thought of proffering one's modest fee for his dignified acceptance. This feeling is, however, a mistake. The portentous personage does not disdain a sixpence, he smiles at a shilling, and he waives broadly lunims and permanently beneficent at a half crown.

The dinner of eight courses was rather tedious. We were longing to get up to our own room, third floor front, with its wide outlook of lake, hillside and valley. This room of ours had an air of old-time respectability about it which was as foreign as possible to our previous

experiences. There were old linen sheets with an odor of lavender. The blankets might have been woven in home looms two centuries ago. Heavy red curtains hung from a canopy over the bed-head. Both blankets and curtains were neatly darned here and there. The chairs were such as Walter Scott might have sat in, and the engravings were yellow with age. A dressing-table with a mirror occupied the recess of the window which we, having come to view the land, wished ourselves, to occupy. So we moved to the opposite side of the chamber the rather shaky structure with its starched drapery of white muslin over crimson cambric. We laid the small mirror on the high chest of drawers, placed our chairs in the recess and sat down (two pilgrims' blest) to watch the June afterglow die away on Windermere, and over the "Coniston Fells."

It was well on toward midnight before the long northern twilight was quenched in the summer darkness. Then we lighted the bed-room candles and—not to shock our kind hostess by our New England aggressions—tenderly moved back the rheumatic dressing-table into the window recess and replaced the small mirror with its back to the hills.

We were wakened in the morning by the sound of the coachman's horn, and rose to behold a tally-ho marked "Keswick and Ambleside" go rolling down the hill under the drooping golden laburnums and between the giant rhododendrons. We began at that instant to realize the fact that we actually were in Wordsworth's country, and that a veritable horse with an ordinary carriage was that day to convey us to Grasmere and Rydal Mount.

Selected.

Extract From Sigurd the Volsung.

Be wise, and cherish thine hope in the freshness of the days,
And scatter its seeds from thine hand in the field of the people's praise.
Then fair shall it fall in the furrow, and some the earth shall speed,
And the sons of men shall marvel at the blossom of the dead;
But some the earth shall speed not; nay, rather, the wind of the heaven
Shall waft it away from thy longing,—and a gift to the Gods hast thou given,
And a tree for the roof and the wall in the house of the gods that shall be,
Though it seemeth our very sorrow, and the grief of thee and me.

Wilt thou do the deed and repent it? Thou hadst better never been born.
Wilt thou do the deed and exalt it? Then thy fame shall be outward;
Thou shalt do the deed and abide it, and sit on thy throne on high,
And look on to-day and to-morrow as those that never die.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

DEFENCE OF THE USE OF THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Argument of Henry F. Durant, Esq., in the Eliot School Case, (1859.)

(CONTINUED.)

Need I bring the unjust charge that the laws of our free Commonwealth are hostile and severe to our adopted citizens? Need I say that ours are no inhospitable or unfriendly shores?

Every western breeze that finds its unsevn path over the wide Atlantic bears an invitation across the ocean, welcoming the exile and the alien, the poor and oppressed of every clime, to the land of the free. Our freedom is our birthright and our inheritance; broad as our land, free and unfettered as the wind which sweeps from one ocean to the other. And this our birthright and inheritance which our fathers purchased with their blood, we offer to all, and willingly share with all. In the Old World the inheritance of the people is the heavy burden of that feudal system under which the lands and the titles, the wealth and the power, are held by the nobles and transmitted to their children generation after generation. The sons of the soil are bowed down by labor, and the sweat of their brow drops upon fields they can never hope to win or claim as their own.

Learning there is the inheritance of the rich only, and is not for the poor; they must bend their backs and bow down towards the earth, nor dare to look upwards to the broad sunlight of God's eternal sky; they must bow down their hearts and minds to endless, hopeless toil, nor seek to share in the eternal light of learning and knowledge, which God has given for all his children. The holy stars may shine forever in that far off sky, but dark clouds are floating there between. They must not look up to that serene sky, must not look up to those far off stars; their life must be submission and dependency, not aspiration.

What wonder, then, that every white-winged vessel which leaves the Old World bears its bands of emigrants and exiles, looking forward toward the promises of the West; toward the hopes and promises of that beautiful clime which they dream of far away beneath the vanishing glory of the sunset—looking forward to a new home—to a freer land—to a brighter sky? And when the long voyage ends at eventide, when at sunset the stately ship furls its white sails in our fair harbor, they see before them in the western sky the golden gates of their new world, the golden gates of their new El Dorado—not the fabulous clime of rivers flowing over golden sands which tempted avarice in earlier days, but the true El Dorado of men—a land where the soil is free—where the laws are equal—where the sunshine of liberty and of learning glows for all, blesses all. The emigrants of to-day do not come as conquerors, like the adventurers of an earlier time. They do not come, the soldiers of a foreign prince, to extend his dominion, or plant his standard on our free shores. They come as friends, as guests; they come as freemen. The emigrants of to-day do not bear the banners of Castile and Aragon. The Oriflamme of France does not float over their heads, nor does the meteor flag of England lead them onward now, but in the western sky float the banners of the Almighty, blazoned there in the purple and gold of sunset, and inscribed thereon, in letters of living light, is the sacred word of *liberty*.

But there is a voice of warning as well as a voice of welcome for the emigrant and the exile who leaves the Old World with its wrongs and its memories behind him. As he is borne along over the wide, wide ocean, he can bury there all memories of the tyranny and oppression which made life a burden. He has left behind the heavy yoke of poverty, the despair of ignorance, the degrading distinctions of birth, the unequal laws which with every rising and every setting sun made him feel the bitter truth of the curse, "in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life."

A new life opens before him on our wave-worn shores. Here is a new home where the laws are equal for the poor and for the rich. Here he can win wealth and honor. Here he can be one of the citizens, one of the rulers; here education and honor and power and wealth are open to all; and in the free air, the new life, the loftier aims, the higher aspirations of the New World, all the wrongs and sorrows of the past can be forgotten. But as he buries beneath the dark waves the sad memories of the Old World, let him find a little room there for his chains also.

There is ample room beneath our wide, free sky for all races, for all sects, for all churches. The stately towers of the Roman cathedral, and the plain white spires of our New England meeting-houses, pointing from the quiet graves of our fathers heavenward, need never encroach one upon the other. There is room for all beneath our wide, blue sky.

We give the widest toleration to all nations, to all creeds, all opinions; but there is one power, one tyranny which can not cross the ocean, and that is the tyranny of one man, whether his head is encircled with the monarch's crown or the Bishop's mitre. Bury those heavy chains, then, beneath the dark waves, and as the waters close over them forget the bondage as well as the sorrows of the past.

Ours is a government of the people—government of men, but of *free* men—and that dark and dangerous power, which, under the guise of religion, would grasp the sceptre of the state, can never, *never* be tolerated here. That plant is not native to our clime, it can never flourish in our free soil—its breath is poisonous to our laws, and death to our liberties—the dream must never for one moment be indulged, that one man, whether he speaks from the Vatican or from the altar, is to rule the destinies of our free people, or to dictate their laws.

We received that warning long ago, in the farewell address of him whom we love to name as the father of our country. It was Washington who said to us, "Against the insidious rules of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens) the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government." Our liberties are our inheritance, and neither foreign power nor foreign influence can lay sacrilegious hands upon them,—sacred alike from the warrior's sword and from the priest's influence. Aliens and exiles are welcome to our shores; we will share our birthright with them, and inscribe their names on the great roll of free citizens; but they must come as men, and as *free* men, not as priests' men, and it is no empty form, no meaningless oath which compels them, before they can become citizens, to remove all allegiance to any foreign power whatever, to all power but the laws. There is a voice of warning, too, which the priests must submit to hear, a voice which is already rising in low mutterings, far and wide over the land—a warning which, unless they hold back their audacious hands, will gather and swell until it breaks in thunder over their heads. It is now only the little cloud seen afar off over the sea no bigger than a man's hand, but it will widen and roll on until it becomes a storm and a whirlwind, which no power can control or withstand. I speak, then, to the emigrant and the foreigner, whom we welcome to our shores. I desire to show to them and to all who hear me that the use of the Bible in our schools—the teaching of the Commandments—the recital of the Lord's Prayer from it, are consistent with the true principles of religious liberty and toleration. I do not speak of casuistry, or the scruples more intolerant than intolerance itself, or of subtle and specious doubts. I speak of religious liberty in a land of law, and liberty of conscience in a land of freemen.

Let us go back a moment to first principles; let us endeavor to get clear ideas, and examine briefly what is the meaning of these noble words—a government of freemen—freedom of conscience—liberty under the laws. The truth is that our people are so wholly free that we hardly realize or appreciate what is meant by government and law. Our consciences are so untrammeled that we are unaccustomed to reason or reflect upon what freedom of conscience is, and in what it consists. We forget that the very essence and foundation of all government is religion, and yet the truth exists as old as the primal stars, that a government without a religion is as impossible as a universe without a God. We must remember that we are not dealing now with questions of fleeting opinion, nor with transitory laws, which change and vary as society changes, suiting themselves to the necessities and wants of social progress and social change. We are reasoning upon those elder and fundamental truths which lie at the very basis of all society, all government. We are studying the deep basis of the everlasting hills. We are questioning those primeval rocks, more enduring than the mountains which soar above them; which time, nor seasons, nor changes, nor decays, can alter or wear away.

The first great truth, then, which we must reflect upon and appreciate is this: That religion is the essential foundation of all government, the source and sanction of all power. This is the united voice of all true philosophy, of all true statesmanship—it is the lesson and warning of history, and the universal experience of the civilized world. Need I remind you, sir, of the latest, the darkest lesson of the eternal truth—that a government without religion is a hopeless impossibility? Need I remind you of that government without religion, founded only upon pure reason, based upon the laws of man—that government inaugurated with more than bridal pomp and festivity, with songs, and feasts, and dances, when the Goddess of Reason was the symbol and the representative of a new era, and in triumph led on the choral dance, which ended in the red dance of death—in the fearful night and darkness of the "Reign of Terror?"

May it please your Honor, our government is based upon the Christian religion, and it is a vital and essential part of the law of the land.

Not the Christianity of any particular sect or creed, but the broad, pure, living Christianity of the Bible; we cannot open our statutes without meeting with the proof of it. The Bill of Rights, to which the prosecution appeals, commences with a solemn appeal to the Christian's God—the observance of the Christian Sabbath is enjoined, and profanation of it is forbidden by numerous statutes. Blasphemy against God and our Saviour are crimes punished by law. The oaths which are the protection of property recognize it, and all our laws flow from it and are consistent with it. I might quote from our law books, I might read Blackstone and Story, I might show that all great jurists recognize this grand truth; I might show that all writers upon municipal law acknowledge it; but I have a higher authority to which I wish to refer. Let me ask you, sir, to hear a voice from the dead, the fittest oracle of this great living truth. I desire to read the profound and eloquent words of that great statesman who sleeps well after his long labors, with the solemn voice of the ocean he loved as his requiem:—on the lonely shores of Marshfield:

"There is nothing that we look for with more certainty than this general principle, that Christianity is part of the law of the land. This was the case among the Puritans of New England, the Episcopalians of the Southern States, the Pennsylvania Quakers, the Baptists, the mass of the followers of Whitefield and Wesley, and the Presbyterians; all brought and all adopted this great truth, and all have sustained it. And where there is any religious sentiment amongst men at all, this sentiment incorporates itself with the law. *Everything declares it.* The massive Cathedral of the Catholic; the Episcopal Church, with its lofty spire pointing heavenward; the plain Temple of the Quaker; the log church of the hardy pioneer of the wilderness; the memento and memorials around and about us; the consecrated graveyards, their tombstones and epitaphs, their silent vaults, their mouldering contents—all attest it. *The dead prove it as well as the living.*

The generations that are gone before speak to it, and pronounce it from the tomb. We *feel* it. All, all proclaim that Christianity, general, tolerant Christianity, Christianity independent of sects and parties, that Christianity to which the sword and the fagot are unknown, general, tolerant Christianity, is the law of the land."

And now, with this lamp to guide our feet, let us inquire what is the meaning of liberty of conscience under the law. Our Constitution declares that "It is the right as well as the duty of all men in society, publicly, and at stated seasons, to worship the Supreme Being, the great creator and preserver of the universe. And no subject shall be hurt, molested, or restrained, in his person, liberty or estate, for worshipping God in the manner and season most agreeable to the dictates of his own conscience, or for his religious profession, or sentiments, provided he doth not disturb the public peace, or obstruct others in their religious worship."

What is the meaning of those noble words, in a land of liberty, in a country where Christianity is a part of the law of the land? Does it mean that nothing shall be tolerated by law, nothing shall be sanctioned by the law, nothing shall be paid for by taxation, nothing shall be submitted to and obeyed by the citizen, excepting what satisfies the scruples of his own conscience? The Jew reviles Christianity and the New Testament, and teaches his children that our Saviour was but an impostor. And yet

he is taxed for the support and execution of the laws which will punish him with a felon's cell if he dares to reproach the name of Christ, or blaspheme the Holy Scriptures. Nay more, although the Christian Sabbath is a stumbling block and an offence to him, although every Christian church is hateful to his sight—he is obliged, with certain exceptions, to respect the laws for the observance of the Sabbath, and is obliged to pay taxes for the support and maintenance of that government, of which Christianity is a vital and essential part.

Need I multiply instances? The Hindoo and the Mahomedan, the Pagan and the Atheist, all can be citizens, all are entitled to freedom of conscience; and yet in every transaction of life, in every function of government, in every act of obedience to the laws, they are obliged to submit to and obey the rules of that Christianity which is an offence to their conscience. Is there any inconsistency in this? Is this inconsistent with true religious toleration? By no means. The answer to the question lies plainly before us. Every man may worship God according to his own conscience; for his religious belief or disbelief he is not accountable to any human tribunal. The laws impose no form of faith upon his conscience, he is to subscribe to no articles of belief, he is to surrender his faith to no creed, he is to join no sect. Atheist or Pagan, Catholic or Protestant, he is free to believe or disbelieve according to his conscience; and for his faith or his infidelity there is equal toleration. But apart from this, and beyond this, he must submit to the general laws of the land, and just in the same manner that while we declare that every citizen, although free, must submit to numerous laws which do interfere with and infringe upon his liberty; so does every citizen find in the operation of general rules, in the compromises of life, in the necessary concessions of a society regulated by general laws, much that is offensive to the scruples of his conscience, much that he must submit to and obey, although no laws compel him to believe.

Many good and virtuous citizens look upon war as a crime against God and religion, and yet they are taxed by their country to supply the very sinsews of that war, which they believe to be unholy. Atheists believe that the observance of the "Lord's Day" is an idolatrous superstition, injurious and offensive to morality; yet the disciples of Paine and Volney, however it offends their consciences, must cease from labor and, in all but worshipship, must observe and keep it.

I repeat, that it is idle and in vain to say that liberty of conscience in one citizen means the submission to his scruples on the part of all others. It is in vain to say that in a country of free but divided opinions nothing shall exist which is not offensive to the consciences of many.

And here let me pause to say, that the danger to our country to-day does not lie in intolerance, nor in disregard of the liberty of conscience. It lies in an unreflecting and timid fear of intolerance. We forget our watchword, that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." We do not study nor reflect upon those essential principles upon which our free government is founded. We are so much in fear of intolerance to Catholicism, that we become intolerant of that pure and true religion which is the sole safeguard of our liberties, without which our loved and cherished republic will vanish away—a beautiful but fleeting dream.

But I must not dwell too long upon the examination of these general principles which demand more ample illustration than the present discussion will allow. I wish to come closely to the particular question which is to be decided by the light of these general principles.

To be Continued.

THE ART BUILDING.

Now that the walls of the new Art Building, which bids fair to be ready for use next September, are rising so fast, readers of the COURANT will take especial interest in this extract from Professor Horsford's after-dinner address on last Commencement.

I have alluded to the Art Building in progress. Let me tell you of an incident in its history. Many years ago it happened that Mr. Durant was strolling with his friend, Mr. Farnsworth, when they came into a collection of objects of art, to be sold within a day or two at auction. They stayed, as they were wont to do, to exchange criticisms, perhaps to enjoy a treasure in art. They were studying a small copy in bronze of a famous ancient statue, when, the auctioneer approaching, Mr. Farnsworth asked what the little statue would probably bring. "The times are not favorable; perhaps a hundred dollars." "I authorize you to bid a hundred dollars." The gentlemen parted at the door to go to their several homes. Presently Mr. Durant turned back, and said to the auctioneer, "If the bidding passes over the limit named by Mr. Farnsworth, strike the statue down to me at whatever price it may reach, and send it to the house of my friend."

Two or three days later Mr. Farnsworth laid before the auctioneer his check for one hundred dollars. He was asked for what. "The statue," "Ah," said the auctioneer, "I am sorry to say that you lost it. It was run up a great way above your limit." The gentleman paused. "There must be some mistake about it. The statue is at my house." "No, there is no mistake. The instructions were to send it to No. So-and-So." "Do you remember to whom it was struck down?" The auctioneer thought it might have been—cash. Mr. Farnsworth reflected a moment, gathered up his check, and went out.

You will not be surprised now to learn that when the late Mr. Farnsworth's will was opened it was found to contain a provision of one hundred thousand dollars for an Art Building at Wellesley College.

Word From Professor Whiting.

[Extract from private letter written at Bath, Sept. 9th.]

I have spent a most delightful and refreshing summer, mostly among the hills of Wales, Westmoreland and Scotland. I have not neglected science altogether, even in vacation, but visited laboratories in Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow and Edinburgh, where there are men with whose books I am very familiar, and whose methods I wished to know. I was most fortunate in having several hours with Sir Wm. Thomson himself in his laboratory. Lord Rayleigh sent me, unsolicited, a letter to him. Fortunately he happened to be in Glasgow, and proved as kind and charming as he is great. It was most interesting to watch Sir William work over his instruments, testing and perfecting them. I learned much of how his mind worked. There was the Medical Association of Great Britain in session at Glasgow. Some of the experimental lectures interested me greatly. I also attended the reception given to the Association by the University authorities, and witnessed the ceremony of conferring honorary degrees. In Edinburgh, through the kindness of Prof. Tait, I went to a reception given by the Lord Provost, with all his attendant officials, to the Iron and Steel Institute, then in session. Here the Provost of Bath gave a similar reception to the Association. It is interesting to note the great amount of ceremony, costume and show which attends all these official performances. To-day the Provost and city officials attended the Abbey Church in procession, wearing red gowns and wigs, with mace-bearers in honor, I suppose, of the Association.

I have been most fortunate here in the papers I have heard before the Association, especially the magnificent experimental lecture on "The Electrical Transmission of Power," as well as in the people I have met socially. Almost all the Physicists I wished to meet are here.

To-morrow I shall again attend the meetings. The subject before the section is Meteorology. By the way, I ascended Ben Nevis and visited the mountain observatory there, the highest in England.

A Dead Doll and Other Poems.

A collection of poems for young readers, by Margaret Vandegrift, appears in a handsome volume, with the title, "A Dead Doll and Other Poems." All of the tender relations and expressions of mother and child, the wondering and inquiring nature and growth in thought and feeling of the child are appreciated responsively, and enliven the imagination and fancy to many a beautiful picturing. The poems are light in manner and tuneful in rhythm and rhyme. Some are finished examples of such composition, and all are good. The book is issued for the holiday trade, and is illustrated so freely with child figures as to form a gallery of portraits of the little ones.

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COLLEGE EDITION.

Terms for the College Year, - - - \$1.50.

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Continued from First Page.

In Waltham on the closing day for registration the names of 4396 women had been added to the voting-list. Waltham is only one of the many towns and cities where women have been assessed in larger numbers than ever before.

A victory for medical women in Canada has been easily won. At the semi-annual meeting of the Provincial Medical Board, at Quebec, Sept. 27th, Dr. Huntington of Montreal asked for the Board's opinion upon the application of Miss Mitchell, a graduate of Queen's University, Kingston, for a license to practise, and the Board decided that the fact of the applicant being a woman was no disqualification, the word "candidate" mentioned in the law applying indiscriminately to both sexes.

The National W. C. F. U. Convention is to be held in New York Oct. 19 to 23. The list of speakers includes the names of Mary A. Livermore, Frances E. Willard, Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, Bishop Fallows, Annie Jeannette Miller and Win. Blackie.

Many women who are anxious to obtain a University training cannot afford to pay the fees required for residence at one of the colleges or halls in connection with the old Universities. For their benefit Aberdare Hall, Cardiff, was founded and we are glad to learn that the institution has made steady progress since it was opened in 1885. This year the number of students has doubled. At University College, Cardiff, the students at Aberdare Hall are taught on the same footing as the men students. They generally work for London University degrees, but when they wish to prepare for other examinations the necessary help is gladly given.

Nature, July 12, 1888.

The Irish Exhibition in London has published a useful "Handy-book of Reference for Irishwomen." It is edited by Miss Helen Blackburn, and Mrs. Power Lalor contributes a preface. The volume presents full and accurate information as to women's work in Ireland, and as to the schools and classes in which they may obtain scientific and technical training.

Nature, July 12, 1888.

My belief in the right of women to the exercise of the elective franchise grows with the growth of my study and experience. I did not join the suffragists under the impulse of easy good nature or mistaken ambition, but from a conviction of duty which I have never seen the smallest reason to abandon or regret.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

IN MEMORIAM.

Nellie Brown Giles, B. A. '80.

BY C. F. H.

Year after year the doors of Wellesley are thrown open, and an eager throng of graduates "strong with hope and faint with fear," are bidden go forth to their life's work; and year by year we hear of one here and one there who has finished the work given her to do and has been bidden go forth to the fuller and richer life beyond. We who are left stand awed and saddened before the great mysteries of life and death, yet with the feeling that the heavenly country grows nearer and more real to us as we recall the dear friends and classmates who are there and who, we yet feel, form with us an unbroken chain.

On the sixteenth of last July, one of Wellesley's daughters, Mrs. Nellie Brown Giles, was called away from her earthly life, and we pause awhile in the midst of our busy working days to recall some of the pleasant hours spent with her, and to picture her again in the varying phases through which she was called upon to pass, of school girl, college maiden, teacher, wife and mother.

Mrs. Giles was pre-eminently a Massachusetts girl, never having strayed very far from her childhood's home in Abington. There she was born on the twelfth of January, 1859, and there she lived, played, studied and grew up to maidenhood until September, 1876, when she came to Wellesley.

Mr. George Richardson has given us a little picture of what her character was before going to College. He writes:

"During six years previous to her entrance to Wellesley College, Mrs. Nellie Brown Giles, was my pupil and one year after her graduation she taught as my assistant in school. Our relations as teacher and pupil were always such as to leave none but the pleasantest memories with me. She was a conscientious scholar. Whatever was required of her as a school duty was always cheerfully met and faithfully performed. Her ideal was always far higher than anything she had actually attained. It she demanded high attainment from an associate or a pupil, the demand was but a title of what she claimed from herself. She was a cheerful scholar and, while a scholar, was never anxious for the time when she should occupy any other sphere. Her only anxiety was that she might make the most and best of herself as a student. In her school-girl days her intimate friendships were not numerous but close, and to have been a close friend once was to be one always unless unworthiness for that place should be proved beyond the possibility of question. These are a few of the prominent points which her early school life impressed upon me. To reiterate them to one who knew her but little would seem like rendering too fulsome praise; but to those who knew her well and knew her as her former teacher became fixed and her life rounded into a perfect womanhood, they will seem the most natural promises of what ripened to a complete fulfilment."

In 1876, there appeared among the Freshmen at Wellesley a tall, fair-haired girl, with pleasant, earnest face, frequently illumined by a very merry smile, and we learned to call her Nellie Brown. It did not take us long to find out that she was a person of decided ability, and we soon looked with admiration and respect almost amounting to awe upon her mathematical attainments. She was uniformly good in all subjects, but mathematics was her favorite study, a study which she elected throughout the course, and in which she particularly distinguished herself. She was remarkably clear-headed and logical, never becoming in the least confused, and quick to perceive any flaw in the demonstration of a proposition.

She fell at once into the ways of College life, and was perfectly at ease in all her work, doing cheerfully and without a trace of complaint or worry anything that was given her to do. This spirit of tranquillity and cheerfulness made her a delightful companion with whom to live.

President Shafer, at that time Professor of Mathematics, has spoken particularly of the buoyancy and brightness which Miss Brown always showed in the class room, making her presence there a perfect benediction.

In her early letters home she writes with great enthusiasm of the boating and various little festivities in which she has taken pleasure, but always seems to keep in mind that her main object in coming to College is not enjoyment but the making the most of her life and fitting herself for usefulness to others. She was essentially of an earnest nature, and yet always ready to take her part in any fun or frolic which might be going on. In her letters she also speaks with warm enthusiasm of the friends she is making, and with the most unselfish appreciation lavishes praises on

their good qualities. It was noticeable in connection with Nellie Brown that, though she did not enter into friendship very hastily, her friends increased in number every year, and that each additional year only deepened and strengthened the attachment of friends already made. One says of her, "To appreciate her one must know her well, and to those her death is an irreparable loss."

She was an active and honored member of the Zeta Alpha literary society, in whose work she always took the deepest interest.

One of her former room-mates writes:

"No description of Nellie Brown would be complete without some reference to her love of order and the exquisite neatness of her room and all her belongings." This trait made such an impression upon her neighbors that some of them used to call her "The girl who is always dusting."

Some idea of her character and faithfulness in little duties can be drawn from a study of her domestic work in College. She was given office work when she first entered, and after a time, feeling that some more active pursuit would be better for her, she suggested making a change, but she had made herself so valuable in the office that it was felt she could hardly be spared, and so she retained that work all the time she was in College. Mrs. Ida Parker Hill, who was then in charge of the general office and who knew Nellie Brown well, writes of her:—

"Wellesley has had few more earnest students. She was a girl of noble character, sweet temper, and strong purpose. I recall her good habits of work and study, her faithfulness to every duty however small. She was one who could always be relied upon. With her, anything worth doing was worth doing well. She was reserved, but one who knew her well could but admire the strong, sweet spirit."

A very intimate friend of Mrs. Giles, Miss Emma Whitman, has sent us the following letter in regard to her life after leaving Wellesley:

"Many of Nellie's classmates will remember that it was decided before leaving college that she would take a position in the High School of her native town. It did not prove a satisfactory year to her. She won the love and respect of her pupils, but she developed a decided distaste for teaching. She once said to me, 'I teach twenty-four hours in the day.' The next year ('82) she accepted a position in the Girls' High School in Washington, D. C. She writes of her scholars: 'They are certainly a pleasant class of pupils. If I could only feel myself competent for the work, my chief difficulty would be overcome. But I say to myself, 'The Lord has put you where you are and you are just to do the best you know and leave the rest to Him!'"

She formed many delightful acquaintances among the teachers and pupils. Her letters are full of the pleasant social life, the books she is reading and the excursions to the Capitol and places of interest about the city. In one of these letters she says: 'I find the world so cheerful, pleasant and attractive, with so many charming people in it, and such lots of lively things to do, that if I could keep my friends around me, I could live to be a hundred!'

Her success in this teaching is amply attested in the following letter from one of her Washington pupils, Miss Winnie Orr:

"The two years of Miss Brown's life in Washington were quiet, and perhaps unevenly fit in the eyes of the outside world, but to those of us who came under the influence of her bright and helpful spirit, full of interest.

Her first year was spent in the Girls' High School, then a separate school, and under the management of a lady principal and four assistants. The small number of teachers made it necessary for Miss Brown to take classes in several branches, including Physical Geography, Book-keeping and Physiology. Into her teaching, whatever the subject, she threw her whole energy, and gave life and interest to the dullest studies. Her example was always an inspiration.

In 1882, the Boys' and Girls' High Schools were united, and we entered the new High School building, the enlarged corps of teachers now making it possible for Miss Brown to confine her work to her own special branch, Mathematics. All of us, I am sure, have reason to remember with pleasure, the hours spent with her in the classroom. She was our friend as well as teacher, and we took special delight in her presence at our homes. Her's was a reserved nature, but one so sweet and noble that its influence could not but be felt for good."

One of her fellow teachers in Washington, Miss Emma Atkinson, has also told us something of her work there in the following letter:

"Before I enclose a little package of letters received in my college days from one associated with Miss Brown in her work in Washington. Singularly tender and bright were now the constant allusions in those letters to the delight and inspiration of work with that hopeful, strong, noble woman. A few months after those letters came, it was my own privilege to be in the same school with Miss Brown. It seemed no length of days to see the fitness of the high praise that had been given her. Day by day, as the exigencies of school life arose, it was very evident that there was one among us who was always equal to them. More than once have we heard her named as a very "tower of strength." Her clear judgment was most reliable in the organizing of the school. In those days, when the policy of the school would make or mar its success, and her influence was marked and lasting in this feature, that in all the school counsels, in all the work of her department, intellectual and moral integrity was for her an absolute necessity.

Her relations with her pupils were very beautiful. Whether in the minutes before and after school, in the few minutes of waiting which she always filled for them with choice bits of reading and enlivening thought, or in the classroom, the same testimony is borne to the affectionate respect which her behavior won from them. How often have I heard pupils of her classes speak of the delight of a mathematical meditation! How kindly were the unfoldings of her mind! How instant was her sympathy to reach the difficulties of those struggling with Mathematical problems—yes, and with life problems, too!"

"How patient and full of resources in demonstration! As we think of this tireless, modest, forcible teacher so appositely human and so kindly considerate, noble, winsome, singularly gifted with quick and clear understanding, we know that, brief as her career was among us, the school can never lose that fine element which she infused into it. It has become a part of living character to 'grow forever and forever.'

Miss Whitman continues the narrative of the last years of her friend's life as follows:

"On the evening of January 22, 1884, she was very quietly married to Mr. Thomas F. Giles, a classmate in the home schools. Going at once to his home, but a short distance from his father's house, she began her new life most happily. Jessie came in December of this year, an active little fellow who brought much care and great responsibility. This feeling of responsibility was almost oppressive. To all her care of him she exerted the most careful thoughtfulness, always considering if the present action were the best for his future good. She did not fully regard her strength after her boy came. In consequence, she allowed herself no active social life, devoting her time to her family and to obtaining as much rest as possible for herself. She had no household duties and as she had assistance in caring for esse, we did not realize that she was exhausting her strength. For a long time she had at intervals a slight cough, but it was not until a series of odds had made this troublesome that she was persuaded to consult Dr. Right.

Sept. 1, '86, she saw this physician to learn that her left lung was diseased. She went away from home, hoping much from change of air and complete rest. On seeing Dr. Right after her return it was found that there had been no advance in the disease, but there was little gain in strength. During the full her condition was but slightly changed. She writes in the last of November, 'I could fill several sheets about my symptoms but I will spare you more than that. I am very comfortable, though my couch is somewhat troublesome.' The last of December she contracted, in some inexcusable way, a heavy cold, and was obliged to keep her room. From this time the failure, though very gradual, was steady. She never allowed us to assume that she could not recover. She was always thoughtful and patient during the many, many days when she could not talk or listen, in reading, never longing to be well or impatient at the delay. We talked often of the Wellesley days. The class letters gave her much pleasure, as, indeed, did any reports concerning college or college girls. In the last few weeks of life she experienced a remarkable strengthening of her religious faith. She wanted to hear about the heavenly land and sent to her minister to come and talk with her. She said to him, 'I want to hear about these things, but I do not feel that I am going to die. I cannot believe that my work here is finished.' On the morning of July 13th she went to sleep to wake in heaven—a blessed closing of a most pure and noble life.

She was a devoted wife and mother and a loyal friend. She writes on one occasion, "most emphatically believe that nothing walks with unfeeling feet, that every one can make the world a better place for his having lived in it, and therefore my work has not been in vain; it seems to me懊ighing God to wish one had never been born."

To how many of us the world has been happier and better for this pure life!"

The opening letter of the series "Three Months Abroad" will appear next week. It will be entitled "From Boston to Liverpool" and will be contributed by Miss Florence Bigelow, A. B. Wellesley '84. Other letters from other members of Miss Denio's party will follow, the complete series giving a full account of the summer trip enjoyed by the *lads* thirteen who sailed from Boston June 16, on the *Pavonia* of the Cunard line. A list of their names is appended.

Professor Denio, Wellesley; Mrs. Rogers, Kansas City, Mo.; Miss H. W. Rogers, Kansas City, Mo.; Miss Mary E. Meadick, Ovid, N. Y.; Miss Florence Bigelow, Natick, Mass.; Miss Helen Sanborn, Boston, Mass.; Miss Kitty Payne Jones, Brockton, Mass.; Miss Mary Alexander, Honolulu; Miss Margaret Hopper, Honolulu; Miss Mary C. Atherton, Honolulu; Miss Carolyn L. Hartwell, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Cornelia L. Hartwell, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Agnes Sinclair Holbrook, Marion, Ind.

The first seven returned in September, the rest remaining abroad for the year.

Professor Coman attended in September the meeting of the British Association at Bath, enjoying the hospitalities of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Livermore, to whom, for the sake of Mr. and Mrs. Durand, the name of Wellesley is a talisman. Miss Coman then crossed over to Holland, joining there her sister, Miss Hebard and Miss Belle Emerson.

Mrs. Newman entertained at Norumbega over the Sabbath Miss Clara M. Keese and Miss Laura Lyon, both of the Class of '87. It is said that representatives of eight classes were at Norumbega on that day.

Miss Janvier met the Sophomores in the Stone Hall parlor the evening of the fifth, and organized a literary club which is to meet fortnightly, for the criticism of articles anonymously contributed by its members, for debates and for other literary purposes.

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